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Based on characters and concepts created by Glen Larson for the television series Battlestar Galactica.™

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA™



**MEMORY'S
END!**



There are those who believe life here began out there, far across the universe, with tribes of humans who may have been the forefathers of the Egyptians. Or the Toltecs. Or the Mayans. Some believe there may yet be brothers of man who even now fight to survive somewhere beyond the heavens!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **Battlestar GALACTICA™**

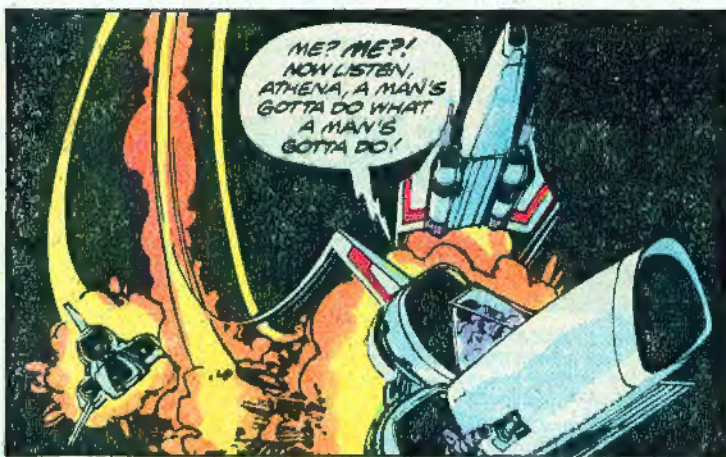
Based on the television series Battlestar Galactica™ written and created by Glen Larson.



THE TRAP!

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BATTLESTAR GALACTICA™ Vol. 1, No. 12, February, 1980 Issue. Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Published monthly. Price 40¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate \$5.00 for 12 issues. Canada, \$6.00. Foreign, \$7.00. All business inquiries should be addressed to Ed Shukin, Director of Circulation. Copyright © 1979 Universal City Studios, Inc. All rights reserved. Battlestar Galactica is a trademark of and licensed by Universal City Studios, Inc. The advertising and editorial material appearing on pages 4, 5, 8, 9, 12, 13, 18, 19, 20, 21, 24, 25, 28, 29, and 32 only, copyright © 1979 Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cedence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A. and simultaneously published in the U.S.A. and Canada. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition.



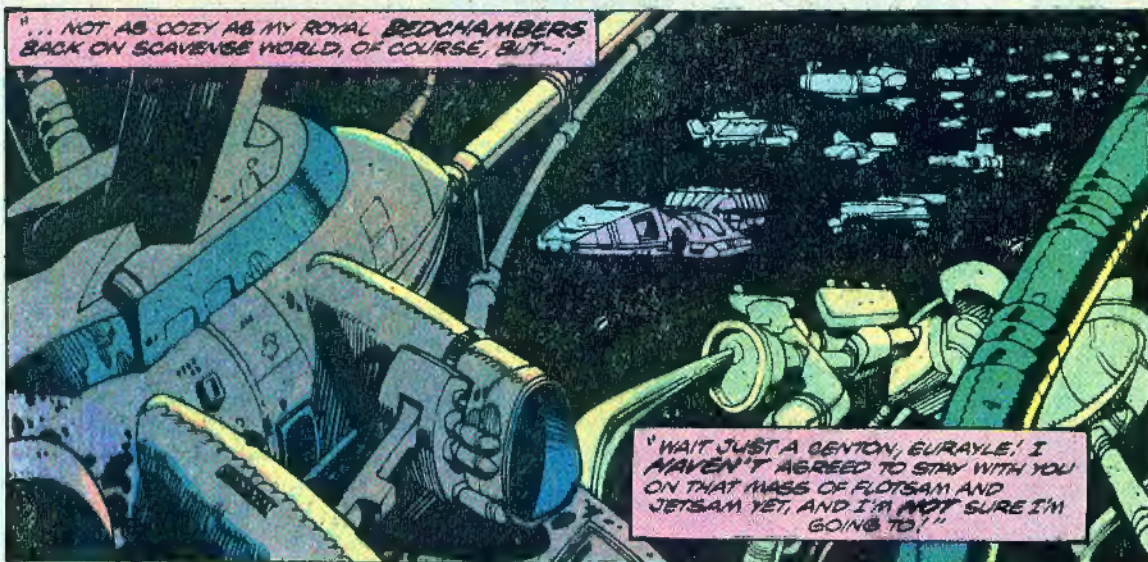
ME? ME?!
NOW LISTEN,
ATHENA, A MAN'S
GOTTA DO WHAT
A MAN'S
GOTTA DO!



AND YOU'RE
~~SOME~~ MAN,
STARBUCK.
MY MAN.

UH, EURAYLE, DON'T
YOU THINK IT'S... UH
...A LITTLE CRAMPED
IN HERE?

I THINK
IT'S COZY...



... NOT AS COZY AS MY ROYAL BEDCHAMBERS
BACK ON SCAVENGE WORLD, OF COURSE, BUT--!

"WAIT JUST A CENTON, EURAYLE! I
HAVEN'T AGREED TO STAY WITH YOU
ON THAT MASS OF FLOTSAM AND
JETSAM YET, AND I'M NOT SURE I'M
GOING TO!"



"OH, YOU WILL, DARLING. IF
YOU WANT SCAVENGE WORLD'S
HELP IN COMBATING YOUR
ENEMIES, THE CYLONS."



"REMEMBER HOW YOUR
COMMANDER ADAMA WAS
TRAPPED IN THE GALACTICA'S
MALFUNCTIONING MEMORY
MACHINE?"



"I OFFERED TO HELP
FREE HIM, STARBUCK.
REMEMBER?"

I CAN SAVE
COMMANDER
ADAMA. ALL I
ASK IN RETURN
IS... STARBUCK!

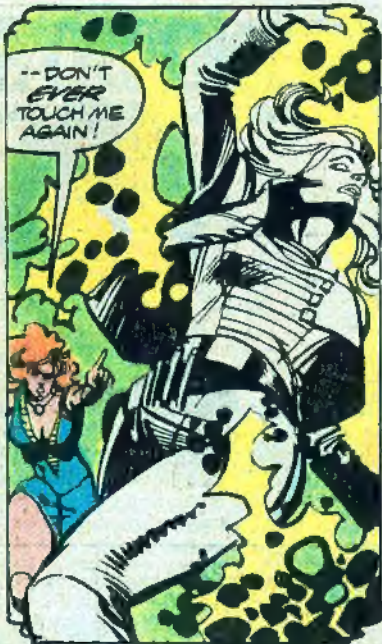


"YOU RECALL HOW YOUR LITTLE FRIEND TRIED TO STOP ME..."

FORGET IT, EURAYLE! YOU MAY LORD IT OVER THIS RABBLE WORLD OF YOURS BUT YOU DON'T OWN US!

WE'RE NOT YOUR SLAVES.

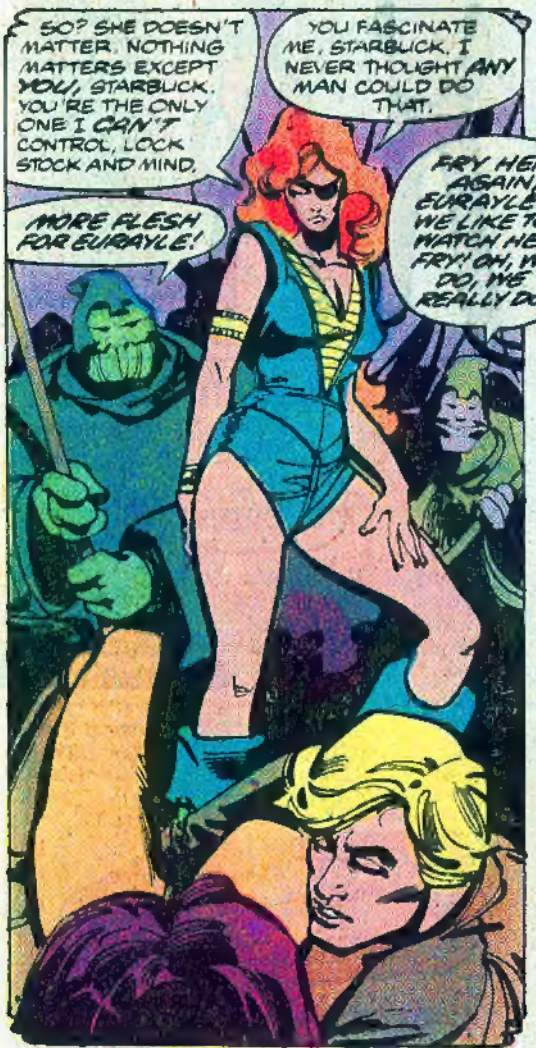
ATHENA--



-- DON'T EVER TOUCH ME AGAIN!



STOP IT, EURAYLE! JUST...JUST STOP YOUR MIND-TRICKS! YOU'RE KILLING HER!

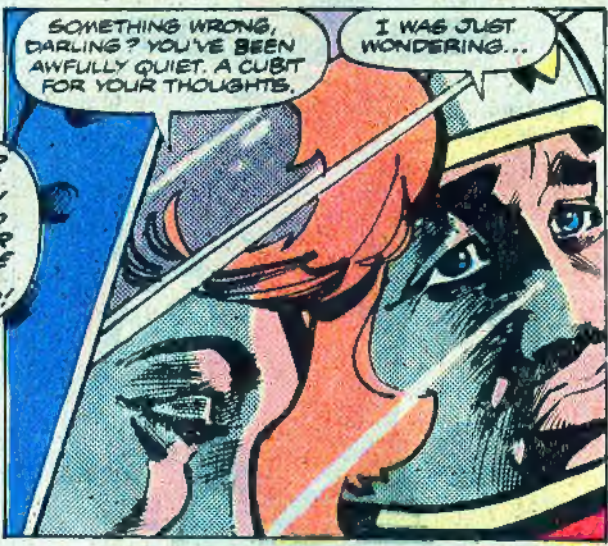


SO? SHE DOESN'T MATTER. NOTHING MATTERS EXCEPT YOU, STARBUCK. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN'T CONTROL, LOCK STOCK AND MIND.

YOU FASCINATE ME, STARBUCK. I NEVER THOUGHT ANY MAN COULD DO THAT.

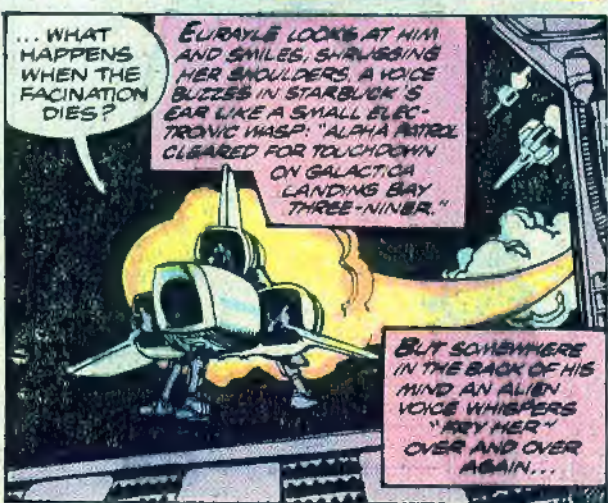
FRY HER AGAIN, EURAYLE! WE LIKE TO WATCH HER FRY! OH, WE DO, WE REALLY DO!

MORE FLESH FOR EURAYLE!



SOMETHING WRONG, DARLING? YOU'VE BEEN AWFULLY QUIET. A CUBIT FOR YOUR THOUGHTS.

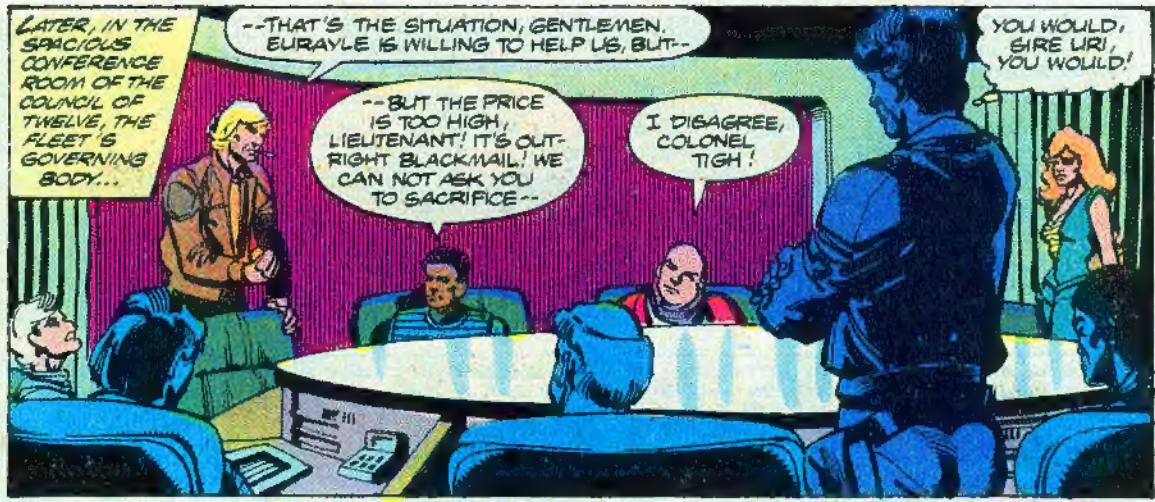
I WAS JUST WONDERING...



... WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE FACINATION DIES?

EURAYLE LOOKS AT HIM AND SMILES, SHRUGGING HER SHOULDERS. A VOICE BUZZES IN STARBUCK'S EAR LIKE A SMALL ELECTRONIC WASP: "ALPHA PATROL CLEARED FOR TOUCHDOWN ON GALACTICA LANDING BAY THREE-NINER."

BUT SOMEWHERE IN THE BACK OF HIS MIND AN ALIEN VOICE WHISPERS "FRY HER" OVER AND OVER AGAIN...



LATER, IN THE SPACIOUS CONFERENCE ROOM OF THE COUNCIL OF TWELVE, THE FLEET IS GOVERNING BODY...

--THAT'S THE SITUATION, GENTLEMEN. EURAYLE IS WILLING TO HELP US, BUT--

YOU WOULD, SIRE URI, YOU WOULD!

--BUT THE PRICE IS TOO HIGH, LIEUTENANT! IT'S OUT-RIGHT BLACKMAIL! WE CAN NOT ASK YOU TO SACRIFICE--

I DISAGREE, COLONEL TIGH!



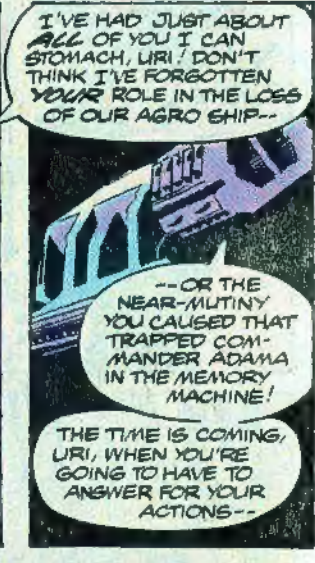
IT IS CLEAR THIS...UH...WOMAN HAS POWER, I DOUBT WE COULD FIGHT HER, OBVIOUSLY SHE LURED US TO THIS PLACE AND FOR ALL WE KNOW SHE COULD FORCE US TO REMAIN HERE, HELPLESS, UNTIL THE CYLONS FIND US!



IF STARBUCK CAN HELP US, IT IS HIS DUTY TO DO SO. IN THESE TRYING TIMES THE SAFETY OF THE FLEET *MUST* COME BEFORE ALL ELSE.

YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO TALK, SIRE URI--

LIEUTENANT, LET *ME* HANDLE THIS BEFORE YOU LOSE YOUR TEMPER.



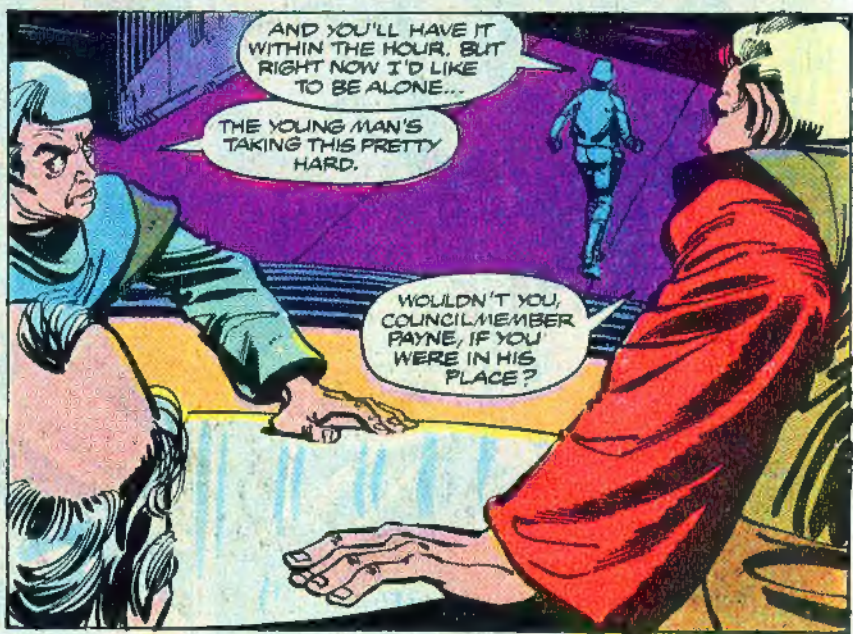
I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT *ALL* OF YOU I CAN STOMACH, URI! DON'T THINK I'VE FORGOTTEN *YOUR* ROLE IN THE LOSS OF OUR AGRO SHIP--

--OR THE NEAR-MUTINY YOU CAUSED THAT TRAPPED COMMANDER ADAMA IN THE MEMORY MACHINE!

THE TIME IS COMING, URI, WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO ANSWER FOR YOUR ACTIONS--



THANKS COLONEL TIGH, BUT URI'S *NOT* THE PROBLEM HERE NOW, AND MY DECISION IS.

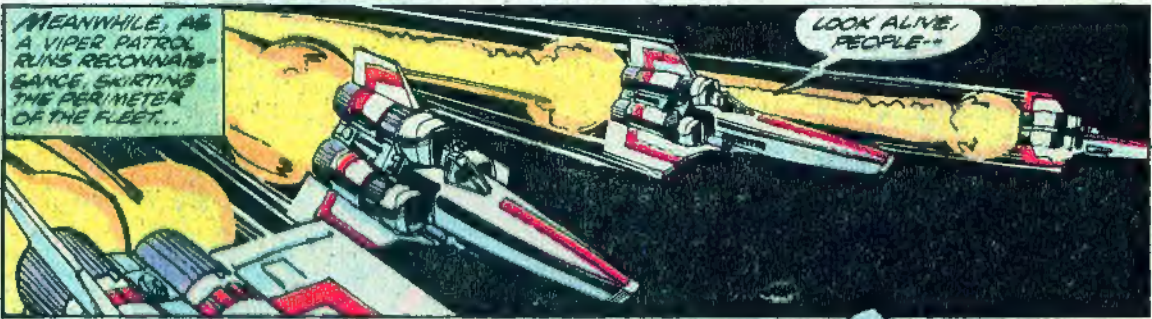


AND YOU'LL HAVE IT WITHIN THE HOUR, BUT RIGHT NOW I'D LIKE TO BE ALONE...

THE YOUNG MAN'S TAKING THIS PRETTY HARD.

WOULDN'T YOU, COUNCIL MEMBER PAYNE, IF YOU WERE IN HIS PLACE?

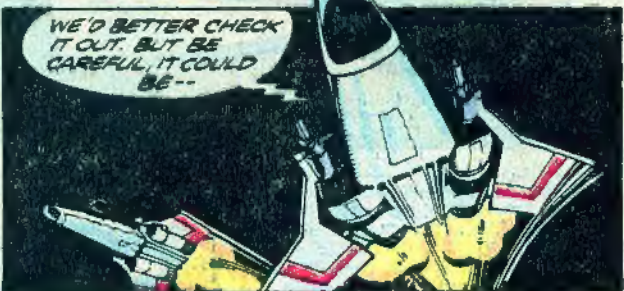
MEANWHILE, AS
A VIPER PATROL
RUNS RECONNAIS-
SANCE, SKIRTING
THE PERIMETER
OF THE FLEET...



--WE'RE *NOT*
ALONE OUT
HERE!

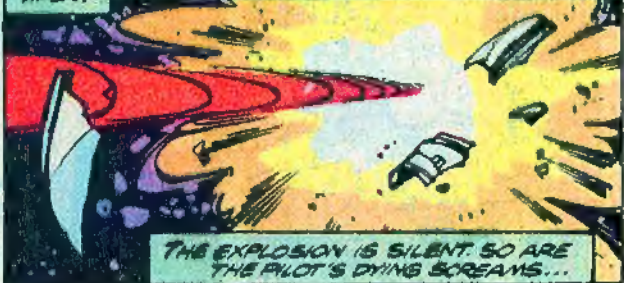
I'VE GOT SOME-
THING ON SHIP'S
SCANNERS. CO-
ORDINATES FOUR-
OH-EIGHT, MARK
NINER.

CAN'T MAKE A
POSITIVE I.D., THOUGH.
THIS BLASTED VOID IS
STILL PLAYING MAVOC
WITH OUR EQUIPMENT.



WE'D BETTER CHECK
IT OUT. BUT BE
CAREFUL, IT COULD
BE--

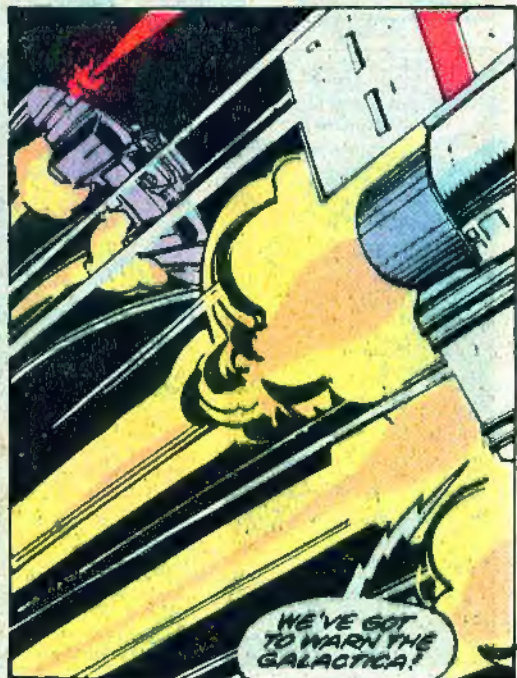
WITHOUT WARNING, A VIOLENT LASER CUTS THROUGH
THE ETERNAL BLACKNESS OF THE VOID, STABBING LIKE
A MOLTEN DAGGER, PIERCING THE HEART OF THE LEAD
VIPER.



THE EXPLOSION IS SILENT. SO ARE
THE PILOT'S DYING SCREAMS...



CYLONS!
THEY'VE FOUND
US! TAKE
EVASIVE
ACTION!



WE'VE GOT
TO WARN THE
GALACTICA!

AND AS THE PATROL FIGHTS FOR ITS LIFE, A TROUBLED LIEUTENANT STARBUCK WRESTLES WITH HIS CONSCIENCE...



EVERYTHING--THE SAFETY OF THE FLEET, THE LIFE OF COMMANDER ADAMA--DEPENDS ON ME.

I KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO DO, BUT--



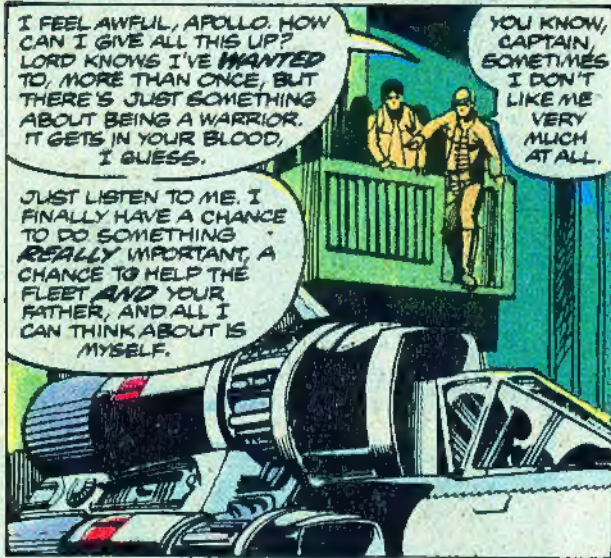
HEY, BUDDY--

--THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE. FEEL LIKE SOME COMPANY?



I FEEL AWFUL, APOLLO. HOW CAN I GIVE ALL THIS UP? LORD KNOWS I'VE WANTED TO, MORE THAN ONCE, BUT THERE'S JUST SOMETHING ABOUT BEING A WARRIOR. IT GETS IN YOUR BLOOD, I GUESS.

JUST LISTEN TO ME. I FINALLY HAVE A CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING REALLY IMPORTANT, A CHANCE TO HELP THE FLEET AND YOUR FATHER, AND ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS MYSELF.



YOU KNOW, CAPTAIN, SOMETIMES I DON'T LIKE ME VERY MUCH AT ALL.

LOOK, STARBUCK, WE'VE GOTTEN OUT OF WORSE SCRAPES BEFORE. WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS ONE, TOO.

I HOPE SO, APOLLO. I DON'T MIND A LITTLE FLING EVERY NOW AND THEN, BUT I'M JUST NOT THE SETTLE-
DOWN TYPE.

WHY DO I HAVE TO BE SO DAMNED IRRESISTIBLE TO WOMEN ANYHOW?



AND... ATHENA, WHATEVER HAPPENS, I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I EVER REALLY LOVED--

OH, STARBUCK, YOU POOR DEAR...



AND SO... SAPHIRE, WHATEVER HAPPENS, I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I EVER REALLY LOVED--

OH, STARBUCK, YOU POOR DEAR...



AND, SO ON...

CASSIOPEA, WHATEVER HAPPENS, I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I EVER REALLY LOVED--



OH, STARBUCK, I BET YOU SAY THAT TO ALL THE GIRLS...

THEN...

BREEEE

THAT'S A PRIORITY ALERT!

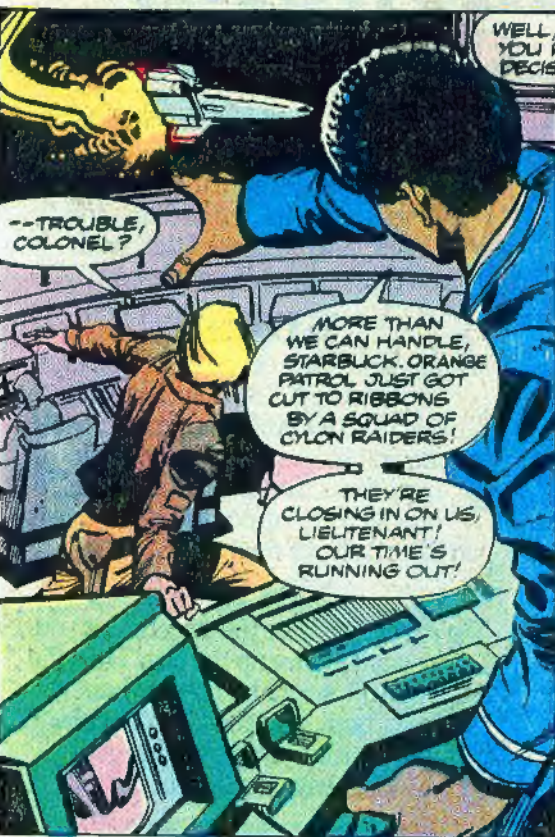


STARBUCK FEELS THE BLOOD-WARRIOR'S BLOOD--POUND IN HIS HEAD AS HE RACES DOWN THE GALACTICA'S GLEAMING CORRIDORS.

AND, EVEN OVER THE SHIP'S BLARING CLAXONS, HE CAN STILL HEAR THE ALIEN VOICE. "FRY HER!" IT SAYS. "FRY HER!" AND THEN IT LAUGHS, LONG AND LOUD AND WITH OBVIOUS GLEE...



GOT TO GET UP TO THE BRIDGE! THERE MUST BE BIG--



--TROUBLE, COLONEL?

MORE THAN WE CAN HANDLE, STARBUCK. ORANGE PATROL JUST GOT CUT TO RIBBONS BY A SQUAD OF CYLON RAIDERS!

THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON US, LIEUTENANT! OUR TIME'S RUNNING OUT!

WELL, STARBUCK, HAVE YOU REACHED YOUR DECISION?



YOU WIN, EURAYLE. DO WHAT YOU CAN FOR THE FLEET... AND COMMANDER ADAMA...



...AND I'M YOURS...

YOU WON'T BE SORRY, STARBUCK.



THE ALIEN VOICE LAUGHS. "MORE FLESH FOR EURAYLE..."

AND A FEW CENTONS LATER...



GENTLEMEN, OUR SITUATION IS CRITICAL. SCAVENGE WORLD LIES IN THE MAGNETIC CENTER OF THIS VOID.

LIKE A TRUE SARGASSO, EVERYTHING IS DRAWN HERE, EVENTUALLY--

--INCLUDING THE CYLONS.

EXACTLY, CAPTAIN. AND DUE TO THE VERY NATURE OF THE VOID OUR SENSORS WILL BE UNABLE TO ACCURATELY GAUGE THE SIZE OR STRENGTH OF THE CYLON ARMADA UNTIL THEY ARE PRACTICALLY BREATHING DOWN OUR NECKS.

BUT WE CAN SET A TRAP, WITH SCAVENGE WORLD'S HELP. NOW THIS IS OUR POSITION...



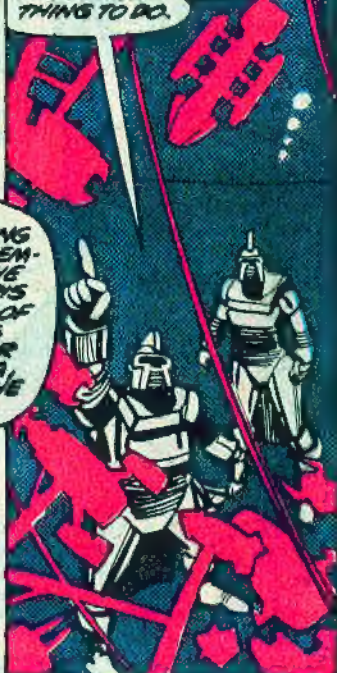


THAT IS THEIR POSITION, LUCIFER. THE HUMANS APPEAR IMBED IN A LARGE SARGASSO IN THE CENTER OF THE VOID.

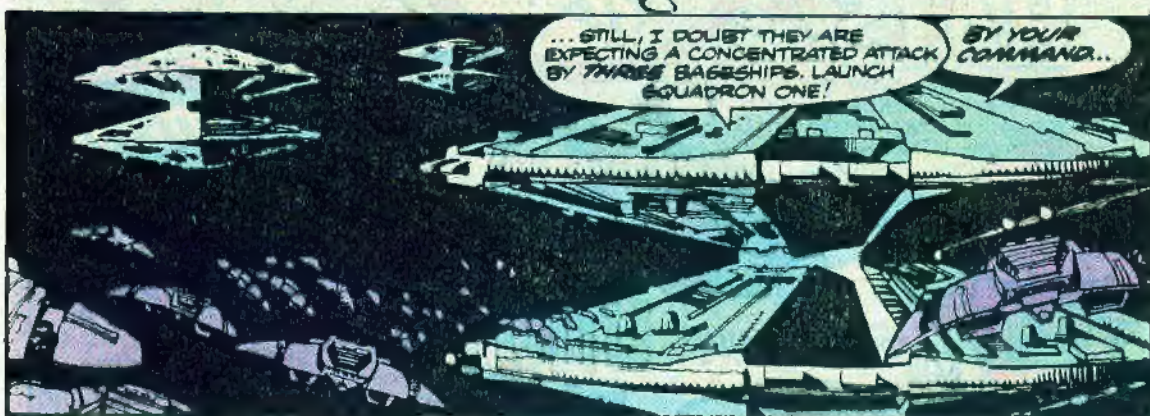
OH, MY, YES. THEY DO SEEM TRAPPED, DON'T THEY?

POSSIBLY THEY ARE TRYING TO CONCEAL THEMSELVES AMID THE LIFELESS DEBRIS OF THOUSANDS OF DERELICT SHIPS THAT HAVE, OVER THE MILLINIA, DRIFTED INTO THE SARGASSO.

OUR SENSORS HAVE FOUND AN APPARENTLY UNSHIELDED CORRIDOR THROUGH THE DERELICTS. WE CAN SAFELY ENTER HERE AND SURROUND THE HUMANS. IT IS THE LOGICAL THING TO DO.



YES IT IS, CENTURIAN. BUT THE HUMANS ARE NOT A LOGICAL RACE...



... STILL, I DOUBT THEY ARE EXPECTING A CONCENTRATED ATTACK BY THREE BATTLESHIPS. LAUNCH SQUADRON ONE!

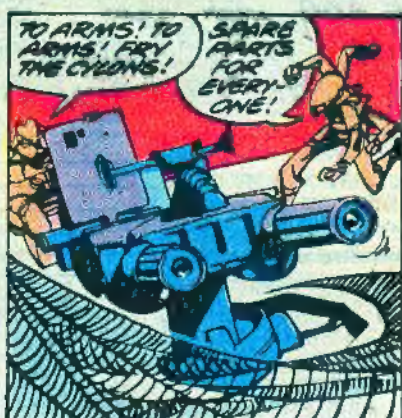
BY YOUR COMMAND...



AND, ON WHAT THE CYLONS CONSIDER THE "LIFELESS" SCAVENGE WORLD...

TELEPATHIC MESSAGE COMING IN FROM SURVIVOR, OUR QUEEN! NO, BOY! SHE SAYS TO MAN THE GUNS!

AT LAST!



TO ARMS! TO ARMS! FRY THE CYLONS!

SPARE PARTS FOR EVERYONE!

AND ABOARD THE GALACTICA...

READY WHEN YOU ARE, EURAYLE.

I JUST DON'T TRUST ALL THIS ALIEN MOOGUS-FOGUS. COMMANDER ADAMA IS TRAPPED IN THE MEMORY MACHINE--

--LOST IN HIS OWN THOUGHTS. IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG WE COULD DESTROY THOSE THOUGHTS, AND ADAMA, FOREVER!

FATHER KNEW THE RISKS INVOLVED, WHEN HE STEPPED INTO THAT MACHINE, STARBUCK. BUT HE DID IT FOR US, FOR THE FLEET.

IF THERE'S A CHANCE, ANY CHANCE AT ALL, TO SAVE HIM WE OWE IT TO HIM TO TAKE IT.

CAPTAIN, IF YOUR FATHER *CAN* BE REACHED, MY MIND-PROBE WILL REACH HIM.

EURAYLE FROWNS IN CONCENTRATION. HER EYES ROLL BACK IN HER HEAD AND SHE SENDS HER THOUGHTS OUT, REACHING FOR A MAN LONG SUBMERGED IN HIS OWN MEMORIES.

--SO PEACEFUL HERE ON CAPRICA, ADAMA, DARLING. I COULD STAY HERE WITH YOU FOREVER.

SO COULD I, ILYA. FOREVER AND EVER, IT'S LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE.

AT FIRST THERE IS NOTHING BUT DARKNESS. THEN THE IMAGES COME...

DARLING, DID YOU HEAR THAT?

ENTER A MEMORY WHICH TWISTS ADAMA'S DREAM INTO A DARK AND SAVAGE NIGHTMARE!

CYLON RAIDERS! NO! THEY CAN'T BE HERE! NOT NOW! NOT HERE!

ILYA!

MEANWHILE, ON THE BRIDGE...

COLONEL LONG-RANGE SCANNERS HAVE PICKED UP AN INCOMING FLEET DEAD AHEAD AND CLOSING FAST

JUST ONE FLEET, ATHENA? YOU'RE SURE OF THAT?

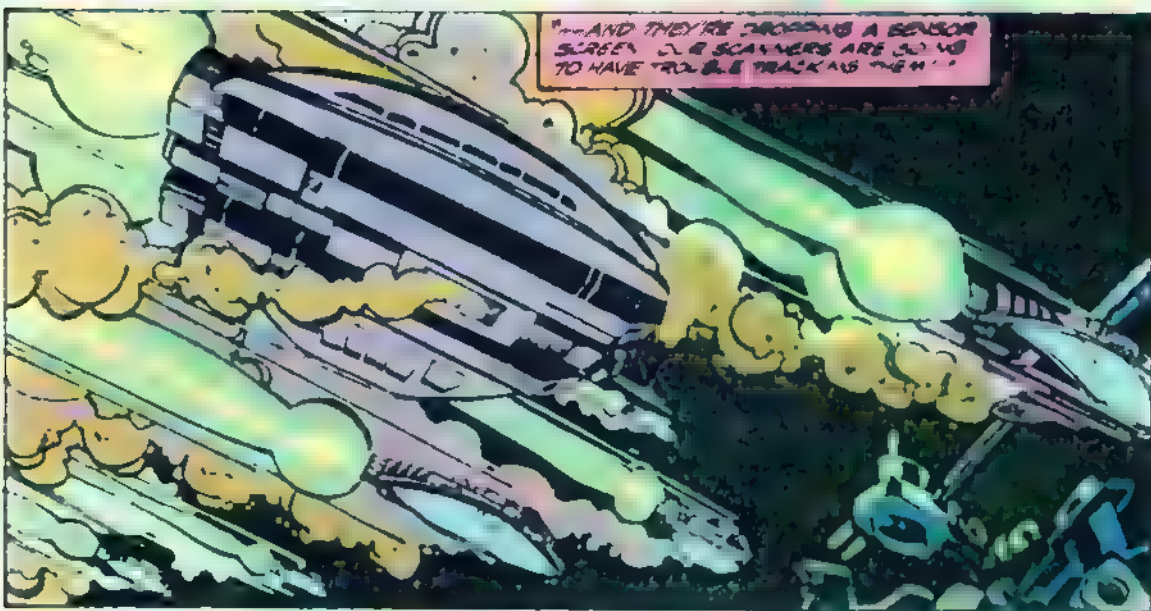
YES, SIR

THEN WE MAY JUST GET OUT OF THIS YET. THE REST OF OUR SHIPS WILL BE SAFE ON THE FAR SIDE OF SCAVENGE WORLD.

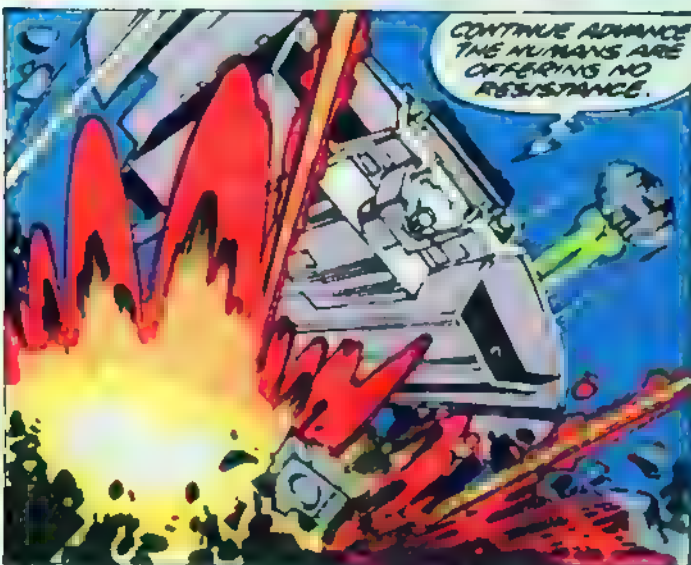
MELMSHAN, PULL THE GALACTICA INTO THE CORRIDOR BUT NOT TOO FAST. GIVE THE CLONS A TARGET TO LOCK ONTO. LET THEM COME IN AFTER US.

CONDITION RED

HERE THEY COME, COLONEL...



AND THEY'RE DROPPING A SENSOR SCREEN. OUR SCANNERS ARE GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE TRACKING THEM...



CONTINUE ADVANCE THE HUMANS ARE OFFERING NO RESISTANCE.



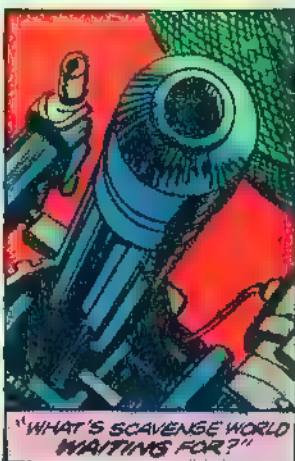
THAT'S IT MAN STEADY AS SHE GOES



THE LAMBS ARE ABOUT TO LEAD THE LIONS TO SLAUGHTER!

UNLESS EURAYLE DOUBLE - CROSSES US, COLONEL. IF THAT HAPPENS WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE

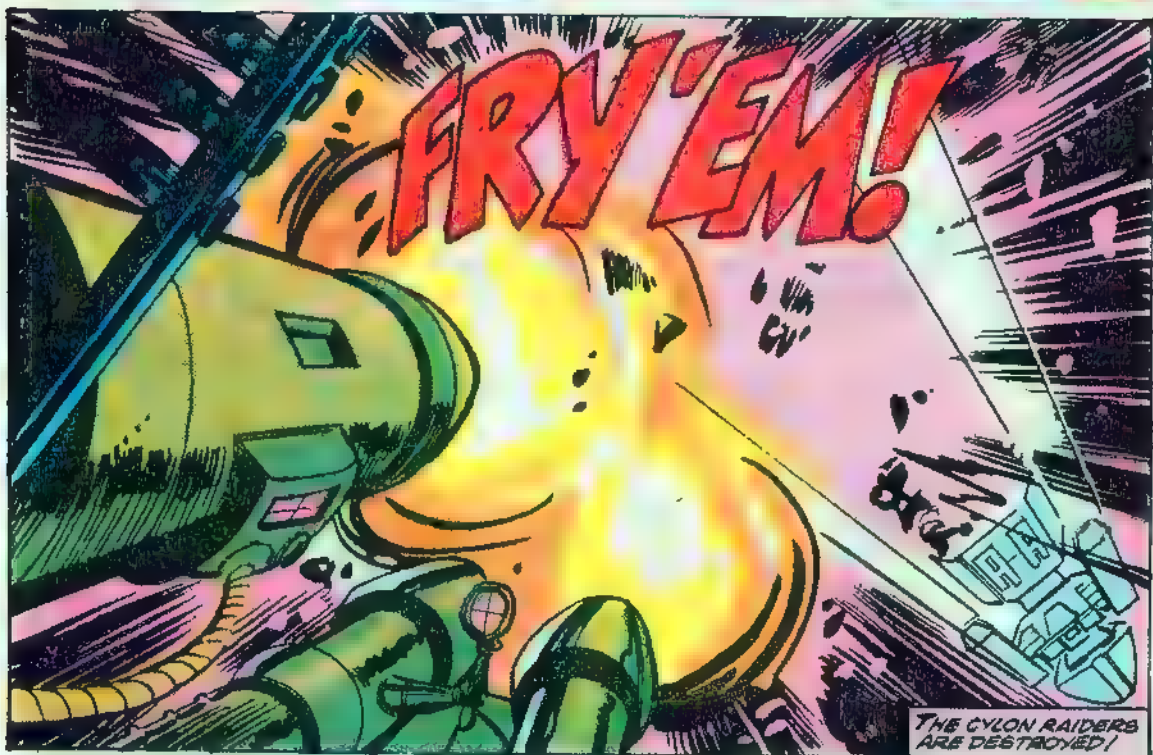
"THE CYLONS ARE ALMOST ON TOP OF US, COLONEL! THEY'RE OPENING FIRE!"



"WHAT'S SCAVENGE WORLD WAITING FOR?"



"LORDS OF KOBO! WHAT ARE THEY WAITING FOR?"



THE CYLON RAIDERS ARE DESTROYED!



THE CYLON BATTLESHIP MUST BE HOLDING BACK, HIDDEN BEHIND THEIR SENSOR SCREENS! WE'VE GOT TO FORCE THEM TO COME TO US!

DIRECT HITS ON LEVELS C AND D, COLONEL. STRUCTURAL DAMAGE MODERATE TO HEAVY, BUT-

KEEP ALL VIPERS ON RED ALERT, READY TO LAUNCH AT MY COMMAND! DAMAGE REPORT, HELMSEMAN!

LEVEL D? YOU'RE SURE OF THAT, MAN? THAT'S WHERE ADAMA IS...



IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!



...ON LEVEL D!

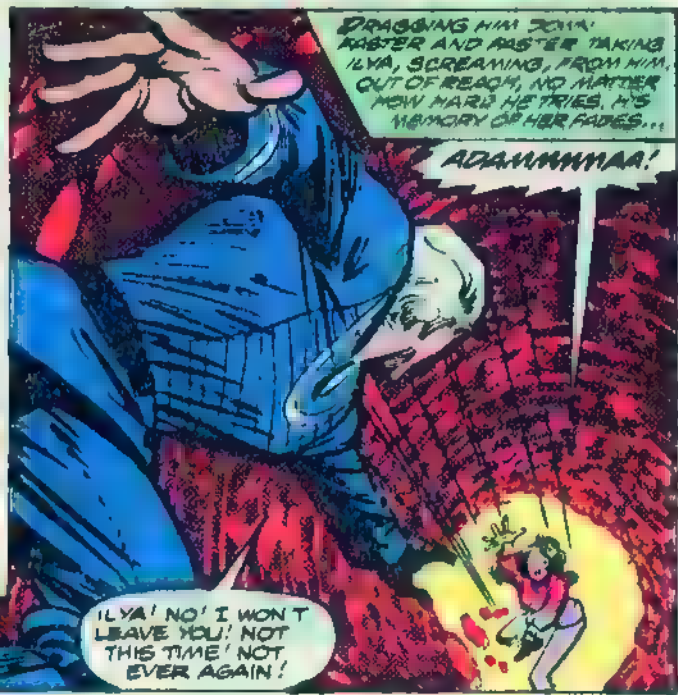
FRANK! WE'VE GOT TROUBLE, EURAYLE!

OUR LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEMS ARE SHORTING OUT! YOU'VE GOT TO REACH MY FATHER NOW, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



LIFE AND DEATH.

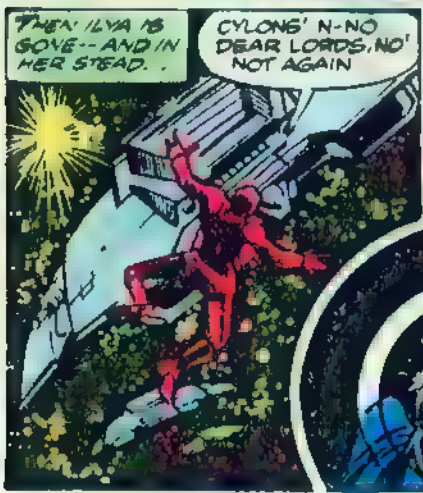
AND THOUGHTS. ALIEN THOUGHTS POUNDING. PAIN.



DRAWING HIM DOWN! RASTER AND RASTER TAKING ILYA, SCREAMING, FROM HIM, OUT OF REACH, NO MATTER HOW HARD HE TRIES, HIS MEMORY OF HER FADES...

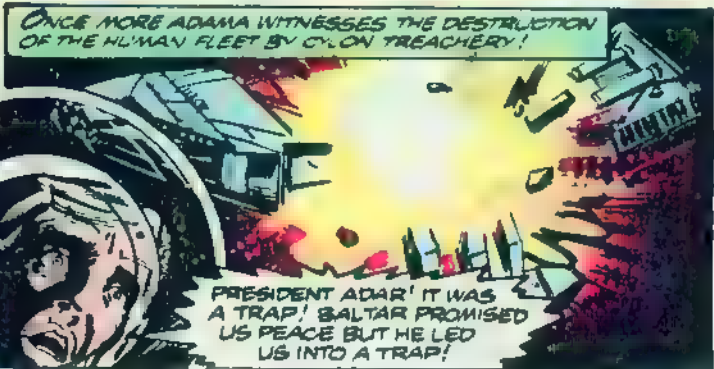
ADAMNNNNHAA!

ILYA! NO! I WON'T LEAVE YOU! NOT THIS TIME! NOT EVER AGAIN!



THEN ILYA IS GONE-- AND IN HER STEAD...

CYLONS! N-NO DEAR LORDS, NO! NOT AGAIN



ONCE MORE ADAMA WITNESSES THE DESTRUCTION OF THE HELMSEMAN FLEET BY CYLON TREACHERY!

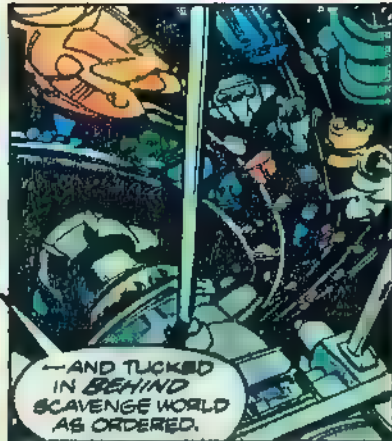
PRESIDENT ADAM! IT WAS A TRAP! BALTAZ PROMISED US PEACE BUT HE LED US INTO A TRAP!

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE MEMORY MACHINE.

CAPTAIN, THIS IS TISH!
WE'VE GOT A MESSAGE
COMING IN FROM MASTER-
TECH SHADRACK. YOU'D
BETTER HEAR IT.

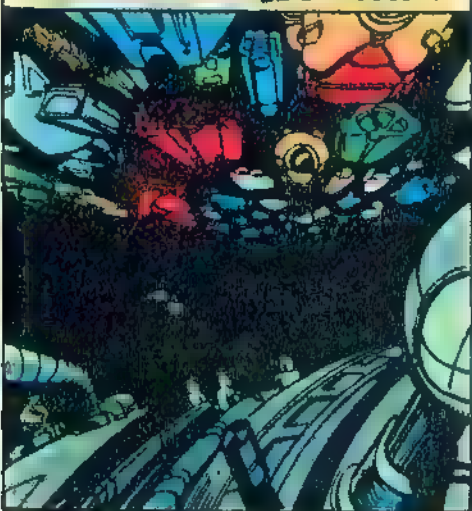


COLONEL, WE
FINISHED CONVERTING
ALL FLEET SHIPS TO
LIGHT-SPEED CAPAB-
ILITIES--



--AND TUCKED
IN BEHIND
SCAVENGE WORLD
AS ORDERED.

"JUST CENTONS AGO OUR SCANNERS
PICKED UP TWO SHIPS CLOSING FAST.
WE BELIEVED THEM TO BE STRAGGLERS."



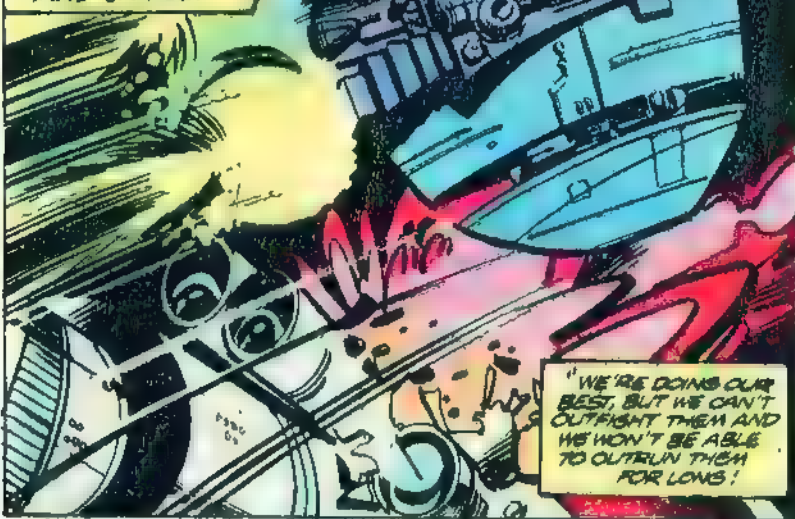
"-- BUT THEY ARE CYLON
BASESHIPS!"



LAUNCH ALL
RAIDERS!

BY YOUR
COMMAND, LUCIFER,
ALL RAIDERS
LAUNCHED!

"THEY'RE TEARING US
APART, COLONEL! AND
WITHOUT OUR LIGHT-
SPEED CAPABILITY WE
WOULDN'T HAVE HAD
ANY CHANCE!"



"WE'RE DOING OUR
BEST, BUT WE CAN'T
OUTFIGHT THEM AND
WE WON'T BE ABLE
TO OUTRUN THEM
FOR LONGS!"



WHERE ARE
YOUR VIPERS,
GALACTICA?
WE'RE TAKING
A BEATING
OUT HERE!



WE'RE DONE FOR, COLONEL! THE GALACTICA CAN NOT OUTFIGHT TWO BAGESHIPS! I'M ORDERING AN IMMEDIATE RETREAT!

COLONEL, I'M STILL IN CHARGE HERE! I GAVE YOU A DIRECT ORDER! THIS IS MUTINY!

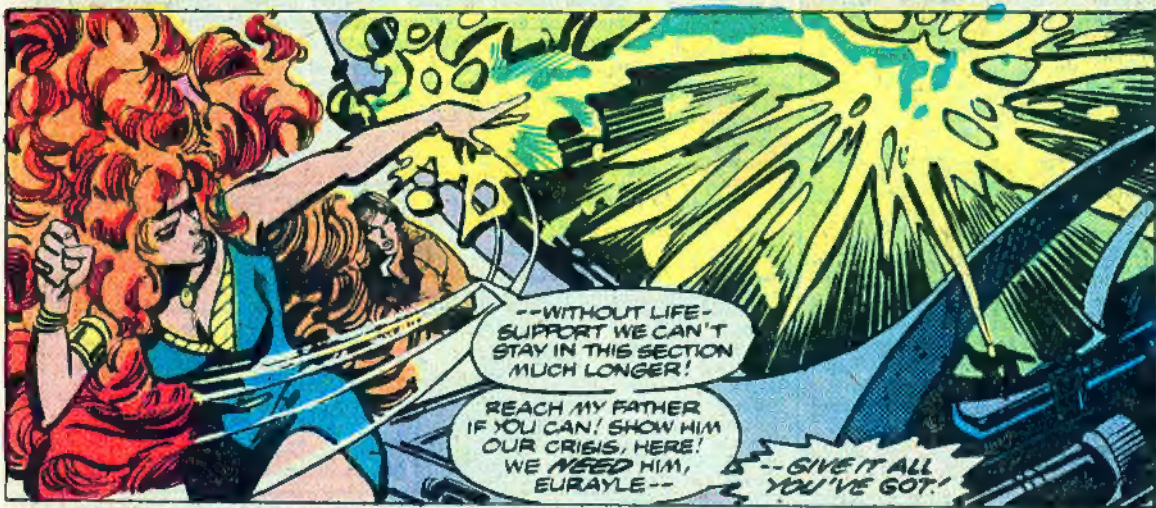
IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES, URI! CAPTAIN--

YOU'RE DOING NOTHING OF THE KIND, URI! WE WILL NOT, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, ABANDON OUR PEOPLE!



--WE HEARD THE WHOLE THING, COLONEL!

AND YOU'D BETTER GET URI BEHIND BARS BEFORE I GET MY HANDS ON HIM! EURAYLE--



--WITHOUT LIFE-SUPPORT WE CAN'T STAY IN THIS SECTION MUCH LONGER!

REACH MY FATHER IF YOU CAN! SHOW HIM OUR CRIES, HERE! WE NEED HIM, EURAYLE--

--GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT!



AND WITHIN THE MEMORY MACHINE, ADAMA IS BOMBARDED WITH IMAGES OF HIS PEOPLE'S FLIGHT...

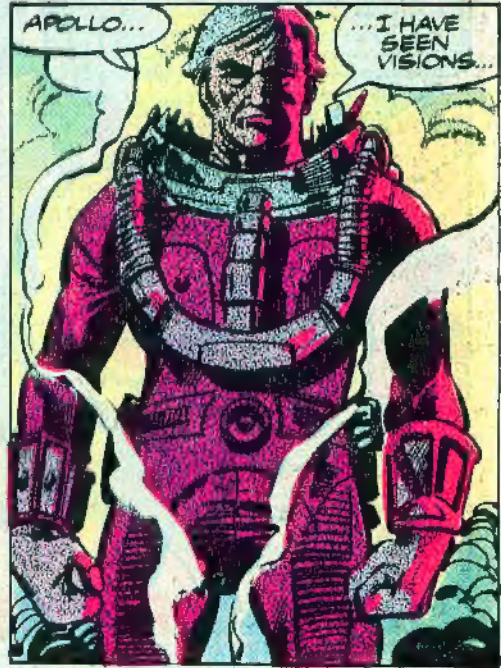
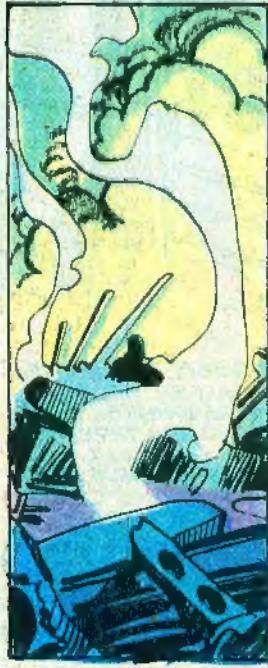
TH--THE GALACTICA! NO! APOLLO! ATHENA! TIGH, OLD FRIEND!

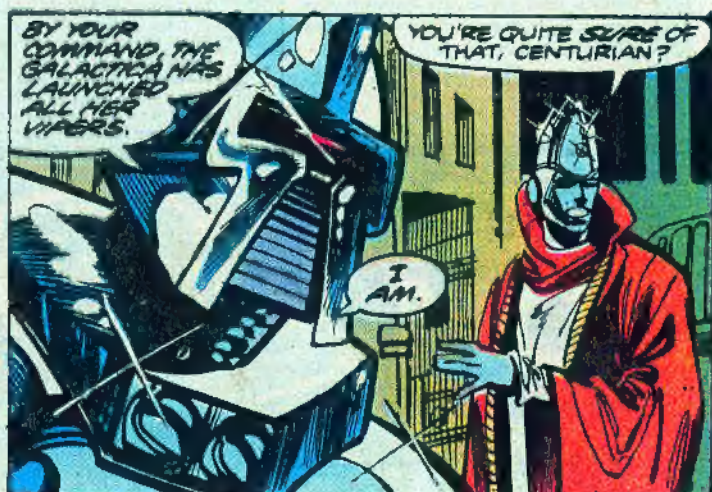
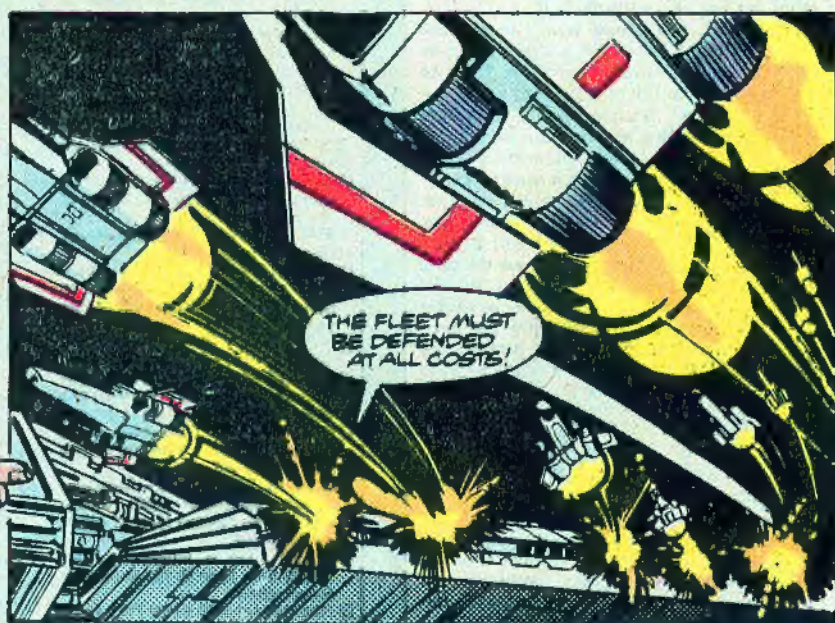
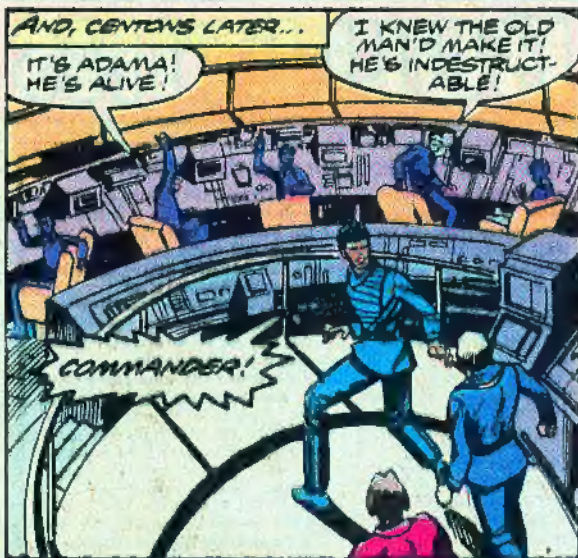


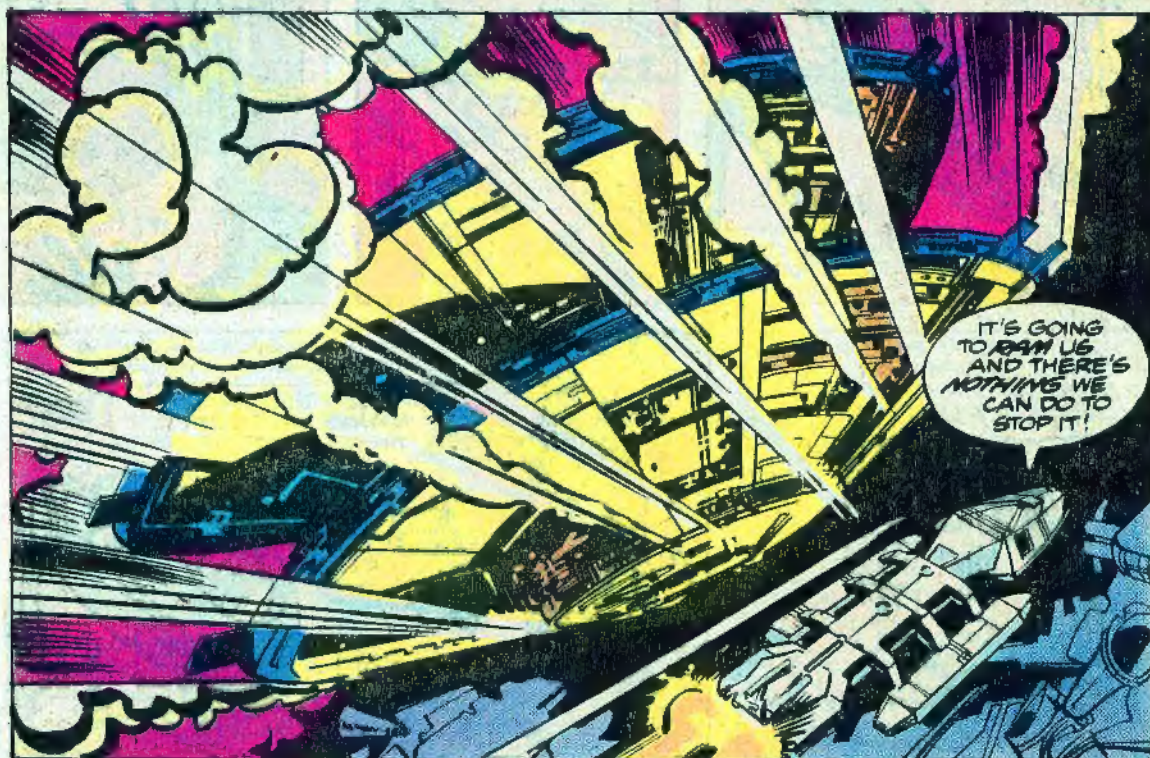
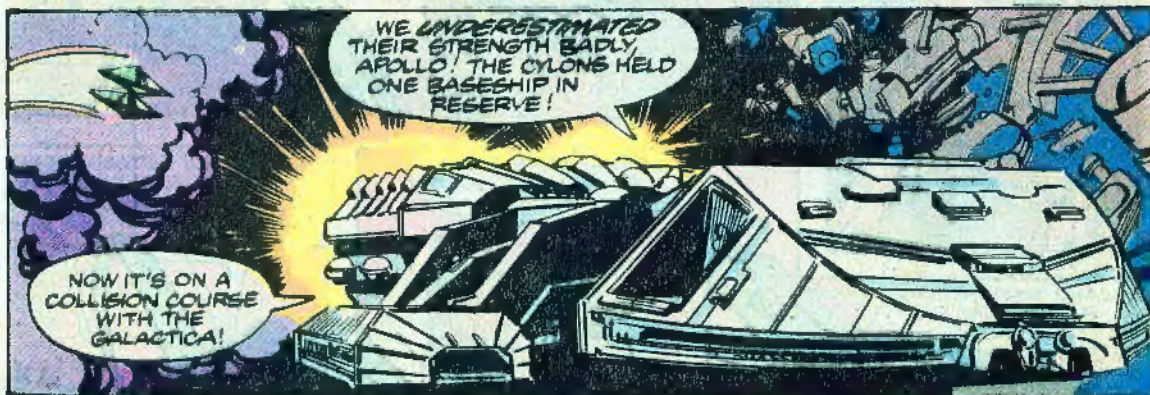
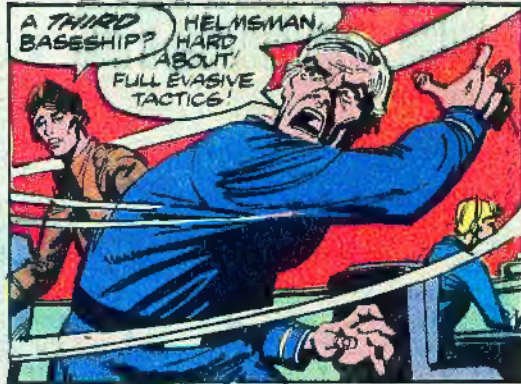
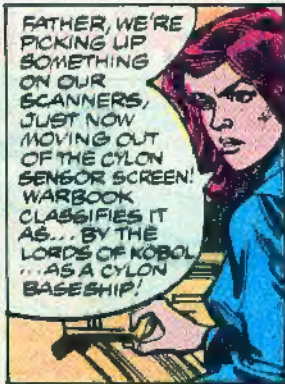
FIGHT BACK! IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE! YOU HAVE TO FIGHT! DON'T DIE! NOT LIKE ILYA! NOT LIKE ZAC! YOU'RE ALL I HAVE LEFT!



I WILL NOT LET YOU DIE!







NEXT: COLLISION COURSE!